

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### A Finger of Promise.

By SUSAN E. CLAGETT.

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T IRED in body and soul, Louise Tomlinson dropped into a chair and stared blankly out of the Washington hotel window. She was conscious of nothing outside of the immediate problems threatening the life she had carefully regulated for twelve years or more. Her unseeing eyes rested upon an ethereal thing arising from out the surrounding darkness, softly white and pointing upward as if in promise—a beacon of hope after years of silent endurance, had she but known it.

She had stopped in Washington on her way to New York instead of going there after the New York opera season, as was her custom. What possessed her to alter her usual schedule she could not have told, and as she sat by the window in the darkness of her room she wondered if she had been influenced by the chance remark she had overheard as she changed cars at St. Paul. She was a conventional woman and resented having her world turned topsy-turvy. But that was what had happened. Her emotions had gained the upper hand, and whichever way she looked she was confronted by memories that left her shaken. She had been aroused by the casual mention of a name, buried with other memories when she had broken her engagement many years before.

Her father had looked upon it as a boy and girl affair that would be forgotten, and thankfully forgotten, after the lapse of years. He reasoned that the development of her musical talent, and, later, the social life to which she was entitled, would play so large a part in her young life that for some time to come there would be no room for other interests. He should have judged her differently. She was one of those women who cannot forget, but who bring their force of will to bear against individual happiness when that happiness means the misery of another. She knew that she was the one spot of brightness in her widowed father's life. He could not go with her to her prospective home in the north of Ireland, neither could the man she loved give up his interests to come to her. There was but one choice, and she made it.

Judge Tomlinson had been dead five years the autumn Louise had come to Washington, and as she sat, with her unseeing eyes centered upon that finger of light far off in the heavens, her mind was slowly going over the few words that had passed between herself and the man who still had the power to arouse emotions she had thought were past, but that now held her in a grip, the intensity of which she resented.

They had met that evening at dinner. She was late. Moving swiftly across the reception hall to greet her hostess the lace of her gown caught in the signet ring of a man who moved aside for her to pass. Impatient at

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"I told Tom, Margie, he was not to let his prejudices make any differences in his estimate of Earnest Lawton's wife, Maude, in my part," said Paula, as she picked up her story at this point in her life.

"Really she played the role very well, but there was a noticeable falling off in the way Earnest Lawton acted. I did not go the first night Maude played, for I was sure one would tell her I was in the audience and it would embarrass her. However, I went the second night for I wanted very much to see how the play looked from the other side of the footlights.

"I wonder if the average person who goes to the theatre ever stops to think that the actor can never judge his finished work as does the painter, the musical composer or the writer—from the viewpoint of the spectator and auditor?"

"It is peculiar business, is acting, Margie. Sometimes I have thought it a great art and other times I have decided it only a gift of imitation; sometimes I have called it the art of the truest human appeal and then again, it has seemed to me to be the most artificial clasp.

"I told Ruth what I was going to do in secrecy and she tried to dissuade me from it.

"You have made such a success, Paula," she said, "it seems to bad for you to throw it all away."

"I am not going to throw it all away," I said. "I may take it up again next season, dear Ruth, but you know it would be almost impossible for me to get another engagement this year. In the meantime, as I have only a few hundred dollars, I shall have to do something to pay my living expenses between now and the opening of the theatrical season next fall."

"Come and stay with me, dear," said Ruth with that impulsive kindness that marks the whole profession.

"Why, Ruth, you know I can't do that with relations strained as they are between your sister and me."

"Maude is a very silly woman," said Ruth quickly. "I wish she would just get over loving Earnest Lawton."

"It isn't so easy to get over caring, Ruth, as you know. You, I am sure, still care for your boy's father."

"Ruth was silent and I knew I was right.

"Alma and I are going to Washington. Alma has an assignment to get some stories about the capital and I think perhaps I'd like to work for the government for a while."

"But you have to have some sort of a pull to get a government job, Paula."

"Well, perhaps I can find one." Then, as I saw her look of surprise, I hastened to add, "One or two of the congressmen from Illinois knew my father. Perhaps they will help me."

## UNIQUE SPRING CREATION



BRIDLED AND BEADED BONNET

By BETTY BROWN

NEW YORK, April 12.—Almost any woman—under 25 years of age—would love to possess the latest adaption of military models to modern millinery. It is a bridled cap of straw, banded with velvet and bordered with beads

and bugles.

This is an extreme of style which loses all of its good points if worn by the wrong person, or put on with the wrong gown. When it is really part of a perfect costume, nothing can be better.

it, but they didn't, and about the worst time I have spent in my life was getting well in the hospital in Johannesburg. Your letter had reached me just before going into action, if action you could call the one-sided affair. Their sharpshooters picked us off one by one. But this is not a subject for dinner talk. Will you drive tomorrow?"

"At 3," she said. She did not again have opportunity to speak to him.

Now in the dark all these things came back to her, and the wavering finger of light still pointed hopefully upward.

The following afternoon there was little talk between them until they reached the open country. Then he turned to her.

"It is twelve years since I received that letter, Louise," he said, going back to their talk of the evening before.

"I had not heard from you for weeks and I was homesick for a line. We moved at daybreak and the chances were against any of us returning, for every kopek held a sharpshooter. I could not read it at once, but the very feel of it in my pocket gave me comfort. Then when I was at last alone I could not sense the contents. I had been so sure of you, and there in black and white were words that at last burned into my consciousness. Your reason was inadequate. Your father needed you. Some time you would give me a full explanation. I do not like to think of that time; but afterward, as I lay in that Johannesburg hospital, I tried to reason it out, but could not. All through those endless days your eyes looked at me steadfastly, giving me the lie to that letter. They seemed to say, 'Wait, only wait.' I wrote to you, but my letters were returned from your dead letter office; yet as the years passed I still waited."

"One day I met an old friend who had known you, Col. Arthur. From him I learned of your father's trouble, and for the first time I understood the reason of your break with me. Through Arthur I also heard of his death. I sailed on the next steamer for New York. Arthur was with me. He went on to Seattle and I came to you here. I could not believe my luck when you brushed against me last evening. He leaned forward and touched his ring shining upon her ungloved hand. 'It seems natural to see it again in place.'"

Then it was that she became conscious of something that had been haunting her memory since the night before. Rising from out of the clouds into the clear atmosphere above was the top of Washington's monument, an ethereal thing pointing like a finger of light into the beyond; a finger of promise.

"I heard your name when I changed cars in St. Paul," she said at last. "Two gentlemen were speaking of you. They stood with faces from me and I did not recognize either, but their chance remark changed my plans. Some time I will explain to you fully why I sent that letter, but just now I only want happiness."

"And you find it with me?"

"For the first time in twelve years I am content, Lawrence."

J. D. Victor was a business visitor in Shinnston on Tuesday.

## HEALTH HINTS

Infantile paralysis is a disease of mystery. Medical men do not know exactly how it is spread. They do know that a city-wide clean-up is the best insurance against all sorts of contagious disease. In New York city last summer the infant mortality rate was lower than in previous years, in spite of the large death toll from infantile paralysis. This was because many disease-breeding places were wiped out in the campaign against the scourge of childhood.

Fly breeding flies—flies carry fever. The fly may bring you the poison of typhoid fever or carry to the infant of the household the active cause of cholera infantum. It is estimated that the average manure pile will breed 900,000 flies per ton.

The empty tin can is another menace to public health. Along with bottles and broken crockery, it is an ideal breeding place for mosquitoes when partly filled with water.

Rats harbor disease germs. They also destroy food and do other damage that amounts to millions of dollars each year. No premises having rats will be free from danger of disease until all of the rats are killed.

A city-wide clean-up now may head off an outbreak of infantile paralysis this summer. Fly breeding places should be destroyed and arrangements made for the collecting of stable refuse in fly-proof boxes.

Empty cans and bottles are as unsightly as they are insanitary. They must be disposed of in the general spring cleaning. The cleaning up of rubbish will help prevent the spread of rats. No rubbish—no shelter. No food—no rats.

## VISITING IN CITY.

Dr. and Mrs. Earl Hennen of Wheeling are guests for a few days of the latter sister Mrs. Hugh Carr on Gaston avenue and second street.

## Sure!

"It says here that the villain looked daggers," said the Old Fog, as he looked up from the book he was reading. "How can a man look daggers?" "He can have a steely glitter in his eye, can't he?" returned the Grouch.

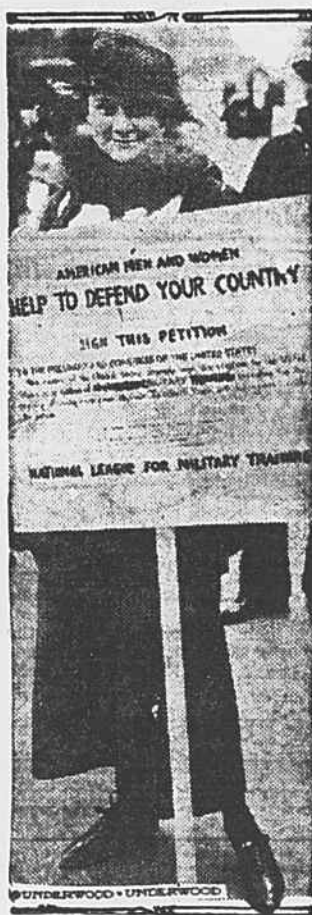
## To Stop a Toothache.

A small portion of alum boiled with milk and used to rinse the mouth will effectually put a stop to an aching tooth, but do not swallow the liquid.

## Auto as Showcase.

A California dyer took off the rear seat of his automobile and put in its place a glass showcase, in which his work is displayed as he delivers it to his customers.

## GIRL AIDS U. S.



Advocates of universal military service have staunch supporters in many young New York society women, who are getting thousands of signatures for their ailing. The photograph shows Miss Harriet L. McAlpine.

## SHE'S NO SLACKER



Daughter of Herbert Asquith, former British premier, she's an expert typist and is helping the Three Arts Women's Employment fund aid persons suffering on account of the war.

## METZ.

Mrs. Lulia Brookover, of Barrackville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hawkinberry has gone to Steubenville, Ohio, where he will work in the tin plate mill. They will move their goods in a few days and make their future home there.

Mrs. Rosetta Maple, of Fairmont is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dee Thomas, this week.

Jasper Homer who has been very dangerously sick remains in a serious condition.

Mrs. Effie Bell, of Barrackville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, this week.

Doctor Kenney was making professional calls on Campbell's Run Tuesday.

Ross Campbell, Laura Campbell and Margaret McConnell spent Easter Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moor on Campbell's Run.

Miss Marie Boor who was called home on account of her mother being sick, has returned to Fairmont.

Mrs. Lillie McVickers was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lias Wilson, last week.

Miss Helen Atha, of Fairmont, was the guest of Jessie Baker Sunday.

Doctor Kenna and family were calling on Lenard Metz and wife Sunday afternoon.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Jones a daughter.

H. L. Campbell was a business visitor at Mannington Thursday.

Jim Sturms and Simon Moor are doing quite a lot of work on the Campbell's Run road.

Walter Morton will move his family in a few days to Glover Gap. He has been here quite a while as field boss for the South Penn Oil company. We hate to see them go.

Jim Wilson spent Sunday with friends in Fairmont.

Mrs. Lillie Lamaster of Holloway, Ohio, is here visiting friends as Mr. Lamaster has been called away as a soldier.

Miss Dessie Glascock was in Fairmont last week attending the examination.

## CORNS ACT LIKE A PUSH BUTTON

TELLS WHY THEY ARE SO PAINFUL AND HOW TO LIFT THEM RIGHT OUT.

If you push on an electric button you form a contact with a live wire which rings the bell. When your shoes press against your corn it pushes its sharp roots down upon a sensitive nerve and you get a shock of pain.

Instead of trimming your corns, which merely makes them grow, just step into any drug store and ask for a quarter of an ounce of frezone. This will cost very little but is sufficient to remove hard or soft corns or callus from one's feet. A few drops applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness instantly, and soon the corn shrivels up so it lifts right out, root and all, without pain. This drug is harmless and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding tissue or skin.

Osgood's  
for  
Quality

## New Georgette Blouses

A shipment worthy of every woman's interest who may be in need of a pretty Georgette Crepe Waist to wear with her Suit or separate Skirt.

Pretty Frills are shown on these new models, while some have beads and ornamental embroidery; the colors are the most handsome it has been our pleasure to show this season, yet the prices are very reasonable.

\$5.98 and \$7.98

New copies of French Blouses; \$8.50, \$10.00, \$10.98 and \$12.50

## RECORD COAL SALE PROFIT.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., April 12.—All recent coal land dealings were eclipsed here today, when J. D. Springer, of Uniontown and Charles Rhodes of Springhill township cleared \$21,950 on 72 acres of coal land which they had purchased earlier in the day. This morning they bought the land from the Ade Coal and Coke company for \$23,050, and two hours later sold the same tract to Harry S. Scheibler of Greensburg, for \$45,000. The land is located at Cheat Haven, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Another sale was recorded, when the H. C. Frick Coal and Coke company purchased 4 1/2 acres of coal land in German township from Jancey B. Kendall for \$9,000.

## Optimistic Thought.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

## In the Spring—A Tonic

Now is the time to bring to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (in tablet or liquid form). This wonderful remedy helps to restore the stomach to its natural health and strength and to secure proper flow of the digestive juices, a good appetite and full digestion of the food you eat. It invigorates the liver, regulates the bowels and purifies and enriches the blood.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is absolutely free from alcohol and injurious drugs. You can take it and be certain you will find it a true blood-maker, tissue-builder, and restorative nerve tonic and that it will produce no evil after-effects. Thousands—probably many of your own neighbors—are willing to recommend the "Discovery" because it has made them stronger in body, brain and nerve. All medicine dealers can supply you in either liquid or tablet form or send 10 cents for trial box of tablets to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

## A Virginia Mother's Advice.

Roanoke, Va. — "Last spring my daughter, 15 years of age, became weak and emaciated from over-work in school. She had no appetite or energy. We were afraid she would have to give up her studies, but we got a bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery and one of the 'Favorite Prescription' for her and after using the two bottles she regained strength and color, and was soon her old self again, without losing a day from school."—J. W. BARTMAN, 1005 10th Ave. S. E., Roanoke, Va.

## ARE BATHS NECESSARY?

This looks like a foolish question in this enlightened age, but there are nearly a million Americans who know nothing of Internal Bathing a few years ago and are now eager to testify that they are fully as essential to health as External Baths.

By a purely natural process of properly using warm water the "J. B. L. Cascade" removes ALL the poisonous waste from the Lower Intestine, which physicians agree is the cause of 98 per cent. of all human ailments.

It instantly relieves constipation, properly regulates the bowels and prevents all the dragging down which Biliousness and Liver Troubles always create.

Mr. Hugh Stipe, of Clearbrook, Va., writes:

"I feel that I cannot praise the Cascade too much and think every one should have one in the house. I would not be without mine. I have only used the treatment since the last of March and I feel greatly benefited. I have not taken a purgative since then. My digestion is better. Don't have the headache half as much as I used to have. Will ever hold Dr. Tyrell in the highest esteem and would not be without his treatment. Yours truly."

Fairmont Pharmacy have filled a tremendous demand for J. B. L. Cascades in the past few years, and will show and explain it to you on request. A free and interesting booklet on Internal Bathing. "Why Man of Today" Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," can also be obtained for the asking.

## Carpets cleaned the sanitary way with no advance in prices at Troy Laundry.

## Safest Druggists Sell E-RU-SA Pile Cure

BECAUSE it contains no opiate, no lead, no mercury, no belladonna, no poisonous drug. All other pile medicines containing the above-named harmful drugs cause piles, and the sale of same is illegal. E-RU-SA cures piles or is forfeited. For sale at O'NE'S DRUG STORE, Sole Agent.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(COAL IS VALUABLE STUFF THESE DAYS)—BY ALLMAN.

